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## FIGURES AND ASPECTS OF MEN.

It is a favourite amusement of mine to walk along a crowded street, and observe the various aspects of men—how some faces are long, some short, some hollow, and others prominent; and, withal, what a variety of expression animates the various physiognomies. There is an optical instrument called the anamorphosis, which, if you look into it one way, elongates you to a maypole, and, in another, makes you as broad and flat as a toad-stool. Nature, in scheming out men, seems to make use of a kind of anamorphosis of her own; and hence, in some figures we see every thing in long perpendicular lines, while in others all is latitudinal and horizontal. Some men seem as if they had been framed upon a bundle of spears; others upon a five-bar gate. Some men appear as if they had been looking into the hollow of a tea-spoon, and all at once, by some strange spell, had their features fixed in that configuration; others seem as if they had been petrified some day, while staring at themselves in the bulge of a spheroidal tea-pot. Some are born (to use the Earl of Pembroke's idea) of the poplar, others of the yew; and not in upright measurement alone are variations observable. Some men sink inwards about the middle like hour-glasses. Their heads and feet are in clumps, and their waists in threads. Nature, in fashioning them, seems to have fallen into a reverie, and rolled the clay so long between her hands, that the ends, before she was aware, had almost fallen away from the attenuated centre. Others again are almost perfect spheres; others nearly regular cubes, or crystals, with hardly any proper extremities, either for locomotion or for thinking; so that one might suppose Nature had been in a hurry in their case, and formed them much after the manner of boys fashioning snowballs in a thaw, or a man making nails at the rate of three hundred in the hour. Then, again, some men have straight legs, like two marks of admiration. Others have them bandy, like a pair of parentheses. Others are what is called knock-kneed, like the same figure with an inverse arrangement of parts. But, what is most strange of all, some men [Lintot, the celebrated bookseller, was a specimen, if we are to believe Dryden] have two legs of one kind—two left ones for instance. When both lie in one way, the effect is most singular. I remember a man of that kind, who went as straight forward as any man; but yet I never could resist the idea, that his walk ought to have been a series of circumgyrations, like the orbit of the moon round the sun. King James the First, according to Weldon, had a circular way of walking, and, in entering a room, we are to suppose he made a sweep towards the object, as one now-a-days drives round the lawn in front of a manor-house.

The size and arrangement of the feet of men are so various, that, while some seem to stand like the letter V upon a point, others have the broad basis of an A, and taper towards the crown. A few seem placed upon an X, and some spread out from the middle like a Y. On the other hand, take men in profile, and you will find some to be like the letter I, some like P, and some like f; the first being slim tall men, the second fat and protuberant of paunch, and the third having a strange droop of the head. Mark mankind as they walk past you, and you will find hardly one going at the same angle to the horizon as another. The military man perhaps walks pretty near the right angle; but hardly any others. The proud man is perhaps ten degrees off the perpendicular backwards; the hurrying shopkeeper as much forwards. Some walk altogether upon their heels; others altogether upon their toes. Some men always seem following their

noses; others come sulkily after their great toes. Some have themselves all thrown out towards the front, like bow-windows; show a great convex chest, shoulders well laid back; in fact, three-quarters of their persons seem to go before them. Others are all gathered coweringly inwards, like coiled hedgehogs—carry three-quarters of themselves behind—seem, in short, to be almost altogether composed of back. Some men come dancingly and easily up to you, whisk round you for a few moments, asking how you do, and then dance off as trippingly as they came. Other men come up with all the solemnity of a chest of drawers, pronounce a few grave words like the base sounds of an organ, and then go lumbering on as before, without having altered a muscle.

The way in which the head is carried makes a material difference in the aspects of men. Some have the occiput laid quite back upon the neck, so as to realise the classical idea of the great distinction of the human race—"cultus ad sedera." A man conscious of good looks or of good birth, and who does not need to stoop to common-place employments, may carry himself thus. He is then said to be a man of noble air—a man with a presence. But if one knows that he is tolerably plain, and has to bow fifty times a-day over a counter to whomsoever may give him a trifle, he carries his face rather below the level than above it. He knows he would only be ridiculous, if detected putting on fine airs, by persons who, on other occasions, had seen him manifesting all the obsequiousness of a tradesman. A mercantile nation must thus look a little nearer the ground, upon the whole, than an idle and military one. The habit of command gives a peculiar air—an air of confidence, firmness, and dignity—which the man who is accustomed to obey can never reach. There is also a completeness of visage about some men—an integrity of feature I may call it—which sets them at their ease with themselves and others, and conduces greatly to make up a presence. A man of this kind can do without a collar—almost without a neckcloth—he will look well any way. Others, again, whose physiognomies are not so perfect—whose faces, as it were, want bottom—require a calix, as the botanists would say, wherein to rest the head; which purpose is served by a stock and its usual appurtenances. It is a great mistake which some men commit—the idea that they can do without what Captain Clutterbuck calls an inch of clean linen: very few men, indeed, have that classical elegance and completeness of visage, which may enable them to bear up under such a want. A matter of this kind cannot be left to fashion; or, if fashion will insist upon all following one model, it is the height of cruelty in those who look well without collars, to institute such a mode, as it inevitably puts thousands of their fellow-creatures to the alternative of looking like masterless dogs, or breaking through a rule more imperative than the principles of virtue. Painters and sculptors are always complaining about the way in which the necks of mankind are used. No doubt, the Hercules Farnese and the Apollo Belvidere would not be improved by a collar and stock; but the *beau-ideal* is one thing, and the common run is another. The necks of mankind in general could never stand such an exposure.—To return to the angle of the visage, it is surprising how much it affects the voice. Your lofty man seems to speak from the point of his chin; your long-nosed boring man spins out his words at his proboscis; and the obstinately modest and bashful man generally addresses you from a corner of his forehead. Every head has its ecliptic as well as its

equator; and there is always one point which is more generally presented to the spectator than any other: that I call the point of voice—the mouth has nothing to do with it.

To come to features—it is astonishing how various are their forms in different men. The profile of Louis the Sixteenth was altogether, apparently, moulded in a circle: the brow, the nose, the chin, all formed segments of circles in themselves, and, in the whole, composed only a larger segment. Such faces we see every day; and we as frequently see others, in which the form is entirely reversed. Such are the dish faces, where the features seem arranged within a crescent, and the point of the nose does not advance so far as either the brow above or the chin below. Some faces go outwards to a point at the tip of the nose; others go inwards to a point at the root of the same feature. Some noses are isosceles triangles; others equilateral; others have the base by far the longest side. Some are tuberosus; others acute. Some spring out like the style of a dial; others look as if they had been clashed against the face in a soft state, and by that means pressed broad and flat, like a piece of clay thrown hard at a wall. Sometimes the base is level; sometimes hollow; sometimes convex. The people of a certain remote insular district have their nostrils drawn strangely up; so that they always appear as if they were in a passion, while in reality they are as well tempered in general as the rest of his Majesty's subjects. In some men, the nose is pointed downwards to the upper lip; in others, it tends upwards to the brow; and it is an ascertained fact that not one in five hundred has it exactly in the centre of the face. Some men, moreover, have its point drawn to one side, some to another—like a helm when in the process of turning a vessel. In various instances I have seen it so much abreast, that I really wondered how the owner got on at all, especially with a wind right a-head. A weathercock with a flank to the breeze would have been no greater phenomenon.

I now come to speak of the various characters which may be read in the faces of a passing crowd. Some who have not been in the habit of studying human character any where, may not recollect being struck with the infinite variety there to be observed. Yet there are some points which may be easily brought to the remembrance of the most careless on-looker. How absorbed some men appear! Their souls, like their eyes, seem set far back in their heads, and they move along the street seeing every thing, but never showing as if they saw at all. They wink, for the ordinary refreshment of the organs; but no other muscle ever plays. In some, the absorption is that of pride—in some, that of indifference. Such persons are like coffins sent out to take the air. The great mass of mankind, in walking the streets, have pretty much one look—something between the smirk of actual conversation and the coldness of perfect tranquillity or reverie. They hold themselves ready, if they are not strangers to the place, to break into a smile as they pass a friend. But there is a set who do not conform to this general system, and may be described as a counterpart to the haughty and the cold. These people wear their heart on their lips, and in their eyes. As you pass them, you feel convinced that you must know them, and that they know you. They just look as if they were addressing you—as if they were saying, "My dear fellow, how are you?" And it requires an effort to keep your hand from going forth of its own accord and seizing theirs. As they go along with this perpetual salutation in their looks, they leave all who pass them in the same state with yourself; and perhaps two hundred persons at once are saying to

\* The face towards the heavens.

themselves. "Surely I have seen that gentleman before." Such a man will lay waste a whole street with bewilderment in five minutes. There is a peculiar twitchiness about the noses and upper lips of some men, which contributes to give them this universally familiar air. I have long marked a person of this kind, and who moreover has that ruddiness of complexion which betokens the *bon-vivant*; and he always appears to me as if he were going about seeking to make up a party for a beef-steak in some neighbouring tavern. Though I have no acquaintance of him, I daily expect him to address me as follows:—"I say, can't we have a few oysters to-night at Gabriel's?" He is a kind of Vanderdecken—always wishing to get some one inveigled into a share of his own fate. I have resolved, however, to have nothing to do with him. It would never do for a person of my retired habits. He would introduce me to the whole town in a moment.

### ROADS.

EVERY schoolboy can illustrate the political importance of good roads in securing conquests and facilitating civilization, by referring to the Roman ways. Their effects upon the wealth and prosperity of a country, though generally alluded to, have not yet received that share of attention to which they are entitled. It is, however, in some means through increased facilities of transport that subsistence is provided from inferior soils for an increasing population, at the same rate of cost as originally was paid to raise it from the most fertile land. By the saving of time, and by the cheap rate at which goods and passengers are conveyed from place to place, a country well intersected with roads is enabled to make head against a general low rate of profit, and in some cases to overbalance, by those means, the advantages of a fruitful soil, the finest climate, and a great productiveness even to half-trained industry. In America and Spain, for example, a part of the crops is left to rot upon the ground, because there are no roads to remove it. In the last named country, sheep are (or were) often killed for the fleece only, and the carcass abandoned, as the expense of conveying it to any distance along the miserable ways would be greater than its value. We may put a case which comes closer to our fire-side feelings: the cost of a ton of the best coal, at the pit's mouth—the actual value of the mere commodity—is about 11s.; the direct and indirect charges of (water) carriage to London are about 9s., or not very far short of the cost of the commodity. In stones, slates, &c., the expense of conveyance is still greater; so great, indeed, as to prevent, with our present means, their internal transport for any distance by land. Every thing, therefore, connected with the improvement of roads, is of the utmost importance to public and individual wealth.

The first thing to be done in road-making is to fix the inclination, and lay down the line of road. The rise should never be greater than 1 in 35; the line, if possible, should be straight. When hills have to be crossed, it may be eventually advisable to deviate from the direct line, and not return to it. A curved course, if any thing is gained by it, seems not objectionable; a crooked one appears never proper; but a roundabout way sometimes, as when a succession of hills intervenes—it being easier, and even shorter, for example, to pass half round the bottoms of several sugar loaves, than to go up and down them. When valleys have to be crossed, it may be done by embankments, or by a viaduct. Here, again, a deviation from the straight path may be prudent, if it is rewarded by a gentler ascent and descent to fill up. In seeking for it, you may go up the valley, or against the stream as it were, though at times a sudden narrowing of the opposing hills may more than counterbalance increased depth by greater shortness. In the case of rivers, a change in the course of the road may take place, if the stream be very wide, or the banks so low as to be liable to be flooded for some distance. Woods, bogs, or marshes, should be avoided, as the worst of obstacles to a good road, for reasons to be mentioned presently. A road should never undulate, but should gradually incline upwards to the highest point. Unless under very peculiar circumstances, it should not be turned aside for the sake of seeking a town. If the townspeople wish, they must, like Mahomet, go the road, not the road to them. Some little relaxation may be allowed in avoiding to pass through private grounds, if such avoidance does not materially interfere with the main objects of the road, or cause additional expense. For these and other obvious reasons, the suggestions of gentlemen of property, or practical men of the greatest experience, in the neighbourhood, should be received with caution.

After the line has been laid down, with such deviations as the circumstances of the surface may have suggested, it must be gravely considered whether it be better to hold straight on, or to follow the longer course with the easier inclinations. In the first case, hills will have to be cut through, and slopes formed at each side of the road. Embankments must be raised, or viaducts built, bridges erected over rivers, causeways made over flats, and bogs and marshes effectually drained. All these things, or any portion of them, can only be accomplished at considerable expense: but then, the road will be much shorter; the great object of its creation—a quick communication between two

points—will most effectually be answered; and there will be a great saving in the annual wear and tear of horse-flesh and vehicles, and in the greater cheapness of transport. The original outlay, too, may be less than it at first appears: by keeping the straight line, less road will have to be made, and considerably less to be kept in repair; the earth or substratum may in some cases be much firmer, and the expense of forming the bed consequently less; the materials may be closer at hand; and the earth which is dug up in cutting through hills may be applied to the levelling of inequalities, for which materials must have been procured. From the scientific knowledge and practical skill requisite to procure these data for calculation, as well as from the experience and sagacity necessary to come to a right conclusion, it will be seen that every man is not qualified to be his own road-maker; and that the formation of highways and byways is no such easy task as country squires in their innocence have fancied.

When the line is finally decided on, the making begins. The qualities desiderated in a good road have been defined by Macbeth: a perfect way should be "whole as the marble, founded as the rock."

This can never be accomplished if the subsoil or foundation be bad. Is it spongy?—part of the materials of the road will sink into the foundation, part of the foundation rise up into the road, and cause inequalities and ruts. An elastic soil is worse. If the reader has ever seen a gentleman, not "very well set upon his pins," endeavouring to cross a plank which might serve a mountebank for a spring-board, he has seen an example of elasticity. This quality, though not to the extent perhaps of the instance selected, is present in all bogs, marshes, and bottom land; and, unless destroyed by draining and compression, it will always cause a momentum in the road which passes over it, no matter how excellent the formation itself may be; and this swing, though imperceptible in the working of the horses, will show itself visibly enough in their condition. A good foundation or bed for the road must be found or formed, or all the rest will be but labour in vain.

In a complete road, perfect hardness is a *sine qua non*—because, the harder the surface, the less the friction of bodies passing over it, and by consequence less force is required to put and keep them in motion; but this quality is not easily obtained. Trustees, indeed, have imagined, that, by laying on a quantity of gravel spread smooth, or a succession of coatings of broken stones, hardness will be obtained; a miserable mistake, followed in a few years by a bad state of roads—fresh repairs to be succeeded by rapid dilapidations, and crowned at the last by a swinging debt. The reason is, that "the carriages passing over the stones will force those next the earth into it, and at the same time press much of the earth upwards between the stones: this will take place to a great degree in wet weather, when the bed of the earth will be converted into soft mud by water passing from the surface of the road, through the broken stones, into the bed of the road. In this way a considerable quantity of earth will be mixed with the stone materials laid on for forming the crust of the road; and this mixture will make it extremely imperfect as to hardness," and shortly cause ruts and other inequalities. The exact degree of firmness required in a road must of course depend upon the traffic upon it; but in all first-rate roads, where the vehicles are numerous and heavily laden, it will be best and cheapest to form the bottom with a regular pavement of large stones, set close, with the broadest face downwards, the interstices to be closely filled up with stone chips, well driven in, so that the earthy bed of the road cannot be pressed up and mixed with the broken stones forming the surface or crust of the road. If the funds would admit of it, in communications between great towns and approaches to capitals, it would be advisable to have the centre crust of the road paved for heavy laden vehicles, and the sides only of broken stones to be used for carriages. Should the money be insufficient to form the entire foundation of pavement, then the middle can be so formed, and the side bottom made of broken stones. The road itself should be highest in the centre, sweeping down to the side-channels, so that the rain may run off as fast as it descends. These side-channels should be constantly kept clear; and when a branch or field road joins a main road, the junction should never interfere with the channel, but always take place on the field side. Drainage, both by main and cross drains, is an object of the first importance, so as to keep the road as dry as possible. The friction on the crust, no matter if it be the hardest pavement, will inevitably grind a part of it to powder, which, when combined with wet, will act with increased effect. The hardest marble, nay, the diamond itself, can be cut without any other composition than water and its own dust.

People differ in their ideas of beauty. The unknowing like what pleases them: the skilful like what is useful, which is also pleasing to the mind's eye. Formerly, we preferred a road bordered by high hedgerows, pretty thickly studded with stately trees; the character being given rather by age and wide-spreading branches, than by mere loftiness—the banks somewhat lofty, and at times shooting up and overhanging like a cliff—their clothing various, now covered with long lank grass, looking as though they concealed something mystic; now short and smooth, and tempting the youthful passengers to try the steep

ascent; now bare, and worn into little furrows, like the cheek of eld, with the gnarled and knotted roots of ancient trees obtruding through—the road itself of various inclinations and of various widths; sometimes opening into a "green," at others widened by patches or strips of unenclosed common, occasionally narrowing and passing through well-protected woods, "whose leafy shades high overarched embower," whence issue the deep murmur of the dove or the chatter of the magpie, whilst game of various kinds flutters or darts across the road. Very beautiful arched scenes in summer to the eye of the Cockney. Even when winter has stripped the trees of their foliage, and the land of its teeming richness and its varied hues—when the gusty wind sweeps along the open country, and moans or whistles through the naked branches—they are not divested of charms, but look lovely even in desolation. All these things, however, are an abomination to the eye of the scientific civil engineer. Trees or overhanging hedges retain the wet, and saturate the road with an artificial shower after the natural one has ceased. When the sun comes forth, their shade intercepts his beams—their close texture, the action of the air; and thus the wet is retained by preventing evaporation. By shutting out the free current of air, they may fatigue and injure the horses, "whose powers to perform work with ease, especially when moving rapidly, depend upon the quantity of cool and fresh air that they can pass through their lungs." The only banks that a skilful road-maker can tolerate, are those which are formed at a due inclination, according to the nature of the materials. The finish which best pleases the eye of the engineer, is a neat stone or brick wall, just high enough, if on a causeway or by a precipice, to prevent a flushed gentleman from tumbling over; in the case of an embankment, it is all-sufficient if it check naughty children from running up the slope, or the slope itself from slipping into the road. Wherever it is practicable, a public road should be above the level of the country through which it passes, to secure dryness and hardness, to give the animals labouring on it a free current of fresh air, and to guard against the possibility of floods.\*

### THE RUNAWAY SLAVE.

DURING a short residence at the Cape of Good Hope, I lodged at the house of an old merchant of the name of Peter Brown. He was an Englishman, but had been settled at the Cape long before it became a British colony, having gone to sea when a boy, and forsaken his ship in an India voyage, when the fleet stopped to water in Table Bay: he had here risen step by step from the rank of a common sailor, till he was now an independent and even opulent merchant. His manners and temper retained a good deal of their original harshness; but his knowledge of business, and remarkable punctuality, made him a most eligible person to deal with. He was tall, uncommonly stout, and of a fair complexion, which was excessively tanned by the sun in his yearly journeys through the colony, among all sorts of half-civilised Africans and semi-barbarised Europeans. His chief fault was the uncommon severity with which he treated his slaves—a mode in which the violence of his temper seemed to seek a vent for itself, while restrained into calmness and civility, by motives of self-interest, during intercourse with his equals.

There were several of his slaves whom he let out as watermen to carry passengers from shore to the ships, or from one ship to another. I had had occasion for the services of two of them in going out to the Indiamen in the bay one evening after a heavy squall: the poor fellows had very hard work, for the sea still rolled high; but they laboured with great activity, and brought us through several dangers, by the dexterity of one of them in particular, who was called Tom. They landed me opposite Mr Brown's house, which was a little neat edifice in a row of others of the same kind fronting the beach, each of which had a small fore-court, with two or three trees, and a seat at either end, where the inmates could at all times find relief from the hot suns of this sultry climate. When I stepped up into this enclosure, I found my host resting himself in one of the seats, fatigued as well as myself, and with his temper apparently a good deal ruffled. As I came up, he said, "Ah! well, you have been at sea this evening as well as I. I hope you have met with better success; but there is always something to trouble us. Here, Tom (calling my boatman), bring a glass of grog for each of us." I mentioned that I seldom drank any thing at that hour. "Oh, it will do you good, after being tumbled about in the bay so lustily: bring the liquor, Tom." Tom vanished into the house, and in a minute returned with a small tray, holding glasses with water and spirits. Having first supplied his master, he brought the materials to me, and poured out some rum. As I, however, had no intention of sharing in this hospitality, I motioned him to put it back into the decanter, which he did. Brown had seen me decline drinking, but had not apparently observed what occurred afterwards; and as the man was carrying away the tray with the empty glass, it suddenly took

\* Condensed by the Spectator from Sir Henry Parnell's work on Roads, just published.



him in the head that Tom had drunk the spirits intended for me. His temper, as I mentioned, had been already ruffled by some occurrences in business; and now, without deliberating a moment, he snatched a heavy walking-stick, and hurried into the house after the slave. I of course could only wonder what he intended; but in a few seconds I heard loud cries from one party, and curses from the other, mixed with the sound of heavy blows—"Oh, sir; oh, sir—don't, sir, don't—God have mercy!" And then, "You rascal, you, I'll teach you to drink my liquor. You scoundrel, have I not kept you since you were able to crawl, like a black beetle as you were?—have I not fed you, and clothed you?—and have I not given you a wife, you rascal? And this is the return you make. Your wife and your black brat shall no longer live in my house." All this time the blows were thundering on the poor slave, sometimes hitting him cruelly, sometimes rattling on the chairs and tables, behind which he took refuge—a disappointment which at once jarred the old man's arms and his temper. The poor slave never offered the slightest resistance, nor said a word in his own defence, but contented himself with imploring mercy, and endeavoured to ward off the blows from his head by receiving them on his arms. He at last ran into the kitchen (his wife was cook), whither he was pursued by his master. I had attempted to follow, and interfere, but in vain; and now there ensued another storm of beating and imprecations, in the midst of which I heard the sudden shriek of a child, followed by a loud and pitiful outcry, apparently in a female voice. In a very few moments Mr Brown made his appearance, with a kind of alarm in his look, which seemed for the moment to have banished his irritation: the female wailing still continued, and he shut the doors anxiously behind him, as if to prevent its reaching me. On approaching, he endeavoured to resume his usual manner, and said, "that rascal had the impudence, I saw, to drink the liquor intended for you; but I have given him a lesson he won't forget." I endeavoured to explain that the slave was not to blame; but the old man only replied, "Oh, it is very well meant in you to excuse him; but I saw how the matter stood: no slave of mine shall play such tricks." Seeing that I should only irritate him farther by persisting, I said nothing more, and soon after we parted for the night.

I breakfasted abroad, and did not again meet Mr Brown till the afternoon, when I saw him at a public sale. He stood beside me for a short time speaking of indifferent matters; and then of a sudden, assuming a sort of serious and concerned air, he said, "I am sorry I shall not be able to remain longer; I have to attend the funeral of poor Tom's child, which died this morning. Tom is a very useful fellow, and I wish to pay him that mark of respect." He said this with a look of condescending sympathy, which sat but hypocritically on his hard features. I had no remark to make, except the question, "Ay, how did the child die?" Mr Brown turned away abruptly, as if attending to something else for a moment, and then answered, "Oh, some children's disorder, no doubt—fits, I believe, it was." And then deputed me to finish some business for him, he went hurriedly out. As he departed, I could not help recollecting the occurrences of the night before—the shriek of the child, and the long helpless wailings of the mother (for such she must have been); and I was convinced, that, in his reckless punishing of the poor slave, Brown himself had, by some blow or other accident, killed the child. The event proved that I was right.

It was late before I got home, and I found Brown pacing about through his little court-yard in what he himself would have called "a great rage." He was stamping on the ground and muttering to himself when I entered, but calmed his passion a little as he began to speak. "Would you have thought it?" he said; "that rascal Tom, after I have fed him, and clad him, and kept him, all his life, what has he done? The villain has run off to the mountain, and deprived me of one of the best and stoutest of my slaves—the gallows dog! and he has taken his wife with him, too! It will cost me more than a thousand rix-dollars to get a cook and waterman again to answer my purpose. He is an idle villain, and never would put his hand to any thing but an oar. But he shan't escape me: I shall catch him if he were hidden in a monkey's nest. To carry off my cook, too! the scoundrel!" He ran on in this way for some time, though he must have known perfectly that his own cruelty was the cause of the whole mischief. I never saw a stronger instance of the obtuseness, both of feeling and reasoning, which is generated by the habit of tyrannising over slaves.

"Where can they have gone to?" I asked. "Oh, gone to the mountain, no doubt; and he thinks they will be safe there till they get some rascally boor to take them into his service. But I shall take care of them; we shall be after them to-morrow night; you may accompany us if you please." I had frequently heard of runaway slaves taking refuge among the crevices and shelves on the precipitous front of Table Mountain, and had seen fires glimmering among the high rocks, which were said to be kindled by them; but I had scarcely ever credited the actual possibility of such a thing; and even now I listened to Mr Brown's statement as something very improbable. "Why, how can any people live on the face of a perpendicular wall of rock, Mr Brown? If they could

even get lodged there, they would still be in a state of starvation; your cook will have little to do so high in the air." "They steal, the rascals, they steal; they come down in the night from their black rookery, and carry off every thing they can lay their hands on. But will you go with us to-morrow night? that is the question." "With all my heart," said I: "I have clambered up the face of a rock many a time before to catch young hawks or jackdaws; and I should like to see how negroes build their nests in a crag, which is so much higher and wilder than any I ever scaled before." In truth, I was moved, partly by curiosity, and partly by the hope, that, if I could see and speak with the poor runaway, I might be able to render him some service.

The Table Mountain is 3500 feet high, nearly half of which elevation forms an upright rocky wall, two miles long; this immense precipice can be scaled to the top by a kind of gully or water-track, which ascends its face by oblique reaches; but the rock is also marked across its length by numbers of long narrow shelves like footpaths, which run slanting in various directions, and afford footing to monkeys or goats. In these tracks there are sometimes broader spots, or recesses scooped as it were out of the rock, where it would just be possible for a human being to fix his lodging if he could reach them, and if he had the firmness to pitch his tent on a dizzy ledge, where the wide bay beneath (the anchorage of fleets) seems diminished to a pond, and the city to a small map. It is in such places as these that a few runaway slaves are said to take refuge, and to remain till they find some way of escaping from the colony, or till their offences are forgotten. The few practicable spots where they can possibly lodge themselves on the rock are pretty well known; so that, when a master is willing to encounter the danger, and has trusty assistants, it is generally possible for him to recover a deserter. This, however, is seldom done; few slaves care to seek refuge in such a wild fastness; and when they do, their masters have seldom the hardihood to pursue them. In the present case it was otherwise: Brown was determined, he said, to show his people that no such escapes should be permitted by him.

The hour fixed was about seven o'clock in the evening; and I met the party beyond the town-gardens: they consisted of some files of European soldiers, and six or seven of Brown's favourite and most trusted slaves. The foot of the precipice was still about a mile distant, and the road consisted of a steep ascent, in great part strewn with fragments of rock of all sizes, which seemed to have tumbled from the crags above, and rendered the path almost impracticable. The rock itself stood close above us, huge and dark. It was not dark, however, at all points; for in one or two places the fires which I have mentioned had been kindled, and, as was not unfrequent, they had caught the dry grass and shrubs of the ledges where they burned, and were extending right and left in long lines of fire along the face of the precipice. Their light had no effect whatever in illuminating the vast mass of darkness presented by the rock, which looked even more sombre by the contrast. The effect was wild and striking, and when associated with the idea that the slaves might kindle such fires all around us when we ventured up into their haunts, the matter wore even a more serious aspect. We soon arrived at the entrance of the gully by which we were to ascend: it looked as dark as the road downwards to Acheron; for the walls on each side shut out the starlight, and we dared not open our dark-lanterns lest we should betray our errand. Two sentinels were placed at the bottom, and we proceeded. Mr Brown held on his way perseveringly, clambering over smooth shelves of rock, or scaling up among heaps of stone that had fallen into the track; and every one followed him in silence, all intercourse being transacted by signals. When one in front found a shrub by which he could pull himself up, he pushed it in silence to his successor; or if he stumbled into a hole, he contented himself with striking the rock with his cane, to put the others on their guard. The ascent, though inclining sometimes one way, sometimes another, was all along most fatiguingly steep; and my legs never felt more relieved than when, after about an hour and a half's ascent, a signal was passed along the line that we were to halt here.

When I came to the front, Mr Brown said to me, "the rascal must be hereabouts: it takes too much practice of footing among the rocks for beginners to venture farther; he would neither go himself nor take his wife into the dangerous places; he was too fond of her—confound him! Do you stop here with the sentinel and this slave, while I and the rest, who have some notion of their haunts, will creep along these footpaths in the face of the rock." "I shall go with you, Mr Brown." "Nay, nay," replied he, "you will have work enough, I warrant; whenever you hear a shot, you will speed in that direction—you are our reserve; and if you second us well, we shall have both the vagabonds well flogged and in irons by to-morrow morning."

The work was detestable; but I did as he desired, and was speedily left alone with the sentinel and slave; the rest creeping away by twos and threes along some of the ledges or goat-paths so often mentioned. We soon lost sight of them all, and were left solitary and dark; there was nothing to gaze at save the sky, for the land below seemed but a dim

formless void; and the diminished bay was hardly seen glimmering faintly in the starlight.

We had remained in this situation for ten or fifteen minutes, when the slave said that he heard some rustling among the bushes on the path taken by Mr Brown, and shortly after several stones were thrown among us from the same place. The slave and sentinel made ready their arms, and crept cautiously to the spot, so that I remained quite alone. They had not left me above two minutes when I heard some one call my name from above, and in an instant the apparition of poor Tom came sliding down a piece of rock, and stood by my side. I was astonished beyond measure, but he motioned a request that I would not speak, and coming near enough to be heard in a whisper, he said, "you are good man, sir, and will not hurt poor slave; I see you kind man when I row you to ships in de bay. I run away wid poor Mary, because he kill my child. I not mind him beat myself, but if he beat my wife and child I must run away. I want go to England, sir; I am good boatman: will you help poor fellow to go?" I was puzzled and confounded. "Why, Tom, you will be taken; the sentinel will be back instantly." "Oh, no," said Tom, with half a laugh, "he will be keep searching yonder—my old comrade will take care of dat: he did it to help me. None of them will tell where I am—all know. But will you get ship for me going to England, sir?" I was thinking of an answer to this odd application, when I heard the voice of Mr Brown only a few yards behind me. Tom started and looked for a hiding-place, but speedy escape was almost impossible, and the poor fellow trembled like an aspen leaf. Immediately I heard Mr Brown cry, "Ah, I have found you, scoundrel!—you shan't escape, I assure you." There was then a hurried rustling among the bushes, as if he was pushing forward somewhere, and directly afterwards a cry, "Lord preserve me!" when something was heard to fall heavily on an inferior ledge of rock. Tom had escaped, and stood alone in suspense and horror, not knowing what had happened. In a few moments the sentinel and slave whom I had sent out came forward, and their explanation of the matter was dreadful. It appeared that Mr Brown, in returning along the narrow footpath, had seen this slave, and had mistaken him for Tom: in his hurry to apprehend him he had rushed forward over some bushes, one of which caught his foot, and threw him directly down the precipice. There could be no question as to his fate; he must have been killed ere he had fallen ten yards.

We waited till morning, and sought for his remains. The appearance was too dreadful to be described: there was no vestige of the human form in the bloody and disfigured mass which we lifted from the rugged stones at the foot of that terrible precipice.

With the aid of some friends, I had an arrangement effected with Mr Brown's widow concerning the runaway Tom, and his wife, whom every one allowed to have been cruelly treated. They got their liberty, and seemed to be in a way of doing well when I left the Cape.

#### FRENCH MANNERS IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

It is curious to look into the old writers on polite behaviour, and to observe with what care they prescribe rules for avoiding habits, which every body nowadays knows—we might almost say by intuition—to be offensive, and into which nobody but the merest clown is in the smallest danger of falling. In this paper we shall give an account of a few of the instructions laid down, in a work entitled "The Rules of Civility," for the guidance of the young noblemen and gentlemen of France in the seventeenth century. The reader will be amused with some, on account of their extreme minuteness, and with others, as they show that the models of fashion to Europe had then scarcely escaped from habits of living far from being remarkable for nicety, or even cleanliness.

In a visit to a nobleman in those times, the stranger entered with his gloves on, and his hat in his hand, which he put on only if requested to do so by his lordship. Hats, it may be observed, were then worn within doors, and even at table, and were pulled off in acknowledgment of personal compliments, or when the names of the relations of the noble master of the family happened to be mentioned. If the visitor came to welcome the great man home from a campaign, or if he had not seen him for a long time, his obeisance was performed with somewhat of eastern humility: he was to bow very low, and, taking off his glove, put his hand to the ground: in recovering the upright posture, the motion required to be slow and deliberate, for if his lordship was standing near, and made a bow of acknowledgment, and if his client whipt up his head in too great a hurry, he might receive a violent blow on the face with the back part of it, before he had time to avoid the collision. After greetings past, the visitor took care to place himself in a seat less dignified than that occupied by his lordship—a

chair with arms being considered the best, one with a back the next, and a stool the least honourable; he was to sit in a lower part of the room, and if his lordship shifted his position, he was to countermand him, so to speak, without any ostentation or clatter, so as still to preserve the inferior place. Upon the same principle, we presume, though we do not find it enjoined, if the great man moved from an arm-chair to one with a back only, his guest was bound to quit his chair with a back, and to occupy a stool, and to stand, if the nobleman changed to a stool. To sit sidewise, was more respectful than to place oneself full in the face of a superior. It was looked upon as ill breeding if the visitor, when seated, either clapt his leg upon his knee, played with the tongs, or tampered with the fire, and, above all, if he punched his lordship on the stomach, in order the more certainly to attract his attention to any part of the conversation. A practice, to which the people of Holland are said to be much addicted, was then considered as to be avoided as much as possible, and a handkerchief to be always employed. "And now I speak of a handkerchief," adds our author, "it is not decent for you to offer it to any body to make use of, though it be never so clean, unless it be expressly desired." In the matter of sneezing, if his lordship was seized with a fit, the person present was not to bawl out, "God bless you!" but to make a handsome bow, and repeat that observation inwardly. If the inferior himself could not refrain from sneezing, he was at least to do it gently, and not shake the foundations of the house with his stertutations. If his lordship entered into conversation with another nobleman, the visitor could not, without infringing decorum, address himself in the meantime to any of the rest of the company; and if a personage inferior in degree to the master of the house came in, it was ill-bred to salute him before those of higher rank had gone through the ceremony of greeting.

In conversation with the great, much circumspection was necessary, both in managing the voice and in the manner and substance of the discourse: the speaker was neither to whisper so low that his noble patron should be obliged to ask what he had said, nor to bawl so loud as to make the apartment ring again. To put a question expressly and abruptly, as, "will your lordship do so and so?" was a piece of extreme rudeness—the interrogation, if it could not be avoided altogether, was to be thrown into an indirect form, as, "doubtless it is your lordship's intention to perform this or that."

An aspirant after court favour would have had little chance in those days to obtain his end, if, having got hold of a piece of fresh intelligence, and flattering himself that now he should bind his patron wholly to his interest, he hastened to his hotel, and communicated the tidings as entirely new. A person better schooled would enter in an easy way, and merely allude to the facts, as if he supposed them to be already well known to the statesman; thus avoiding offence—it being a point of moment with politicians to have it generally believed that they had perfect information concerning public affairs long before all other people. Eminent personages could ill endure to think they were surpassed in any thing by those beneath them in rank; and, therefore, a well experienced favourite or dependent, rather than deliver an advice in a formal manner, spoke as if reminding them of something which they had forgotten.

In playing any game with a man of rank, an inferior was placed in a critical situation—if he won, there was a chance of incurring displeasure; while, on the other hand, if he was intentionally negligent and lost, there was a risk that his titled opponent, if possessed of any penetration, should suspect the truth, and be affronted to find himself treated like a self-willed child. The safest way, in most cases, seems to have been to manage, to exert as much skill as was necessary, without taking the game; for the harder won it was, the better pleased the patron was sure to be; and the loser's reputation was likely to be advanced by some such praise from the gainer as this—"He is one of the best players I ever met with—it was with the greatest difficulty I could beat him." By neglecting this prudent course, a Spanish grandee fell into disgrace with Philip the Second. Having played a very long time at chess with that monarch, and been invariably the gainer, he perceived at his departure that his majesty was deeply chagrined. On reaching home, therefore, he said to his family, "My children, we need remain no longer at court; we have no more good to expect in that quarter—the king is enraged at me for beating him at chess."

In dining with people of quality, the cloak and sword were not put off; we have already mentioned that the hat also was worn. Sitting down to table thus incumbered, the guest, however weary or hungry, was not to loll with his elbows on the board; nor to fix his eyes upon the dishes, as if he would devour all; nor to thrust in his plate eagerly in order to be first helped; nor to put great goblets of meat into his mouth, so as to bunch out his cheeks like a monkey; nor to swallow ravenously and choke himself; nor, if the portage was hot, to blow every spoonful with his breath; nor to scoop out of the plate with his finger the gravy that remained after he was done eating; nor to break the bones at table, in order to obtain the marrow; nor to lick his fingers; nor to pick his teeth with a knife or fork; nor to blow his nose without holding his hat before his face; nor to speak with his mouth full.

It had formerly been the custom to take the meat in the fingers, which were afterwards wiped upon the cloth, or on the bread, or with a napkin; this practice now began to be looked upon as sordid, and was on the decline in genteel families. Our master of ceremonies repeatedly warns his disciples against it. "Touch nothing," he says, "but with your fork." "The best way to keep the fingers clean is to use a fork." The knife and fork, however, were not then employed exactly in the modern way: it was usual, in the first place, to cut the meat into pieces, which were afterwards eaten with the fork. Eating out of one common dish was not yet exploded; but the use of the spoon was undergoing several changes, some of which our author seems to have thought rather final, though, as the teacher of an art wholly regulated by fashion, he makes no objection to their being adopted. "If we be to eat out of the dish," he says, "we must have a care of putting in our spoons before our superiors, or of eating out of any other part of the dish than that which is directly before us; much less are we to pick out the best pieces, though we be the last that help ourselves. Having served yourself with your spoon," he adds, in another place, "you must remember to wipe it; and indeed as often as you use it, for some are so nice they will not eat portage or any thing of that nature in which you put your spoon unwiped, after you have put it in your mouth. Others, again, are so curious they will not endure a spoon to be used in two several dishes; and, therefore, in several places 'tis grown a mode to have spoons brought in with every dish, to be used only for portage and sauce." In drinking, the mouth was always to be wiped before beginning: it savoured of too much familiarity to sip one's wine, and of clownishness to take it with loud gulps, or to drink so long as to be forced to fetch a loud sigh in order to recover breath: the liquor was to be taken at one quiet and leisurely draught, with the eyes fixed on the bottom of the glass, and not rambling up and down the room among the company. Finally, at the table of a person of honour, to put sweetmeats or fruit in the pocket, or to set by any thing in a plate for the purpose of carrying them home, was an extreme incivility, unless the entertainer pressed and commanded his guest to do so.

Recreations out of doors were likewise performed with their peculiar ceremonials of courtesy. In walking, the inferior took the left side, and at the end of the promenade always turned with his face towards his superior; when three walked together, the middle was the place of honour; if two noblemen of equal quality placed a private gentleman between them, in order the better to hear his discourse, he was to turn at one end of the alley towards one of them, and at the other end towards the other; and the moment his narrative was finished, he was to resume the left hand place. "If you meet full with a person of quality in the streets," says our author, "you must run presently toward the channel, or post yourself so as he may pass by with his left hand towards you; and the same rule is to be observed with coaches." If an endeavour were made at the present day to perform this latter piece of courtesy in the streets of London, what a confusion, crashing, and bawling would ensue, and what a rejoicing among the coachmakers!

In riding, the inferior gave the right hand to his companion, and kept at a modest distance behind him, unless the wind whirled the dust about his lordship, in which case he changed to the right hand, and humbly received the dust himself. Though, as has been said, it was civil to keep a little way behind, yet if a ford or slough was to be passed, it then behoved the poor dependent to make the first venture. In hunting, the principal man of the party was not to be out-riden, but to be suffered to come first in at the death. If the deer stood at bay, and there was occasion for a weapon to strike him down, nobody was to be too forward until they saw how his lordship was disposed to act.

In writing a letter to a nobleman, large paper was used as being more respectful than small, and a whole sheet was taken, although the epistle consisted of no more than six lines. Certain cases, however, permitted the economy of half a sheet; as, if it contained only some short compliment, or was sent to remind him of something more amply explained before; but it was requisite to fold the paper, and make it up in the same manner as a full sheet. It was reckoned more genteel to put the date, day of the month, and year, at the end, on one side of the page, than at the beginning; for by this means the word "Monsieur" or "Monseigneur" was left in undisturbed dignity in a large domain of blank at the top. This usage, however, though still common, is not without inconvenience; for throughout the letter there may be allusions to time—as the mention of yesterday, and so on—which cannot be understood without knowing when the epistle was penned. Accordingly, some ingenious persons have of late invented a method by which both the time of writing may be seen before commencing the perusal of the letter, without the awkwardness of turning to the end to find it, and the title "My Lord," or "Sir," may still enjoy the honours of uninvaded seclusion; this method consists in writing the date in a line along the left edge of the paper. When the writer wanted to add at the end an additional item of respect, he used a cover or envelope; a letter to a lady of great quality was sealed with silk, and sometimes, for the greater honour, it was first sealed with

silk; and then an envelope, containing the superscription, was added.

Having thus given a sketch of the most remarkable rules in "The Rules of Civility"—many of them, as has been already observed, remarkable on account of their frivolity, and, one would think, their needlessness—we cannot better conclude than in the words of the author, who, after some remarks on the changes that are constantly taking place on the manners of a people, adds, "So, then, 'tis clear custom can improve, abolish, or change laws as it pleases; and 'tis possible may do so by mine. Nevertheless, civility proceeding essentially from modesty, and modesty from humility, which stands, like the rest of the virtues, upon unshakeable principles, 'tis certain, though custom may change, civility will not—for he will always be civil that is modest, and he always modest that is humble."

## RAMBLES IN THE METROPOLIS.

### THE SEAT OF GOVERNMENT.

THE united cities of London and Westminster, with their suburbs, extend between seven and eight miles along the borders of the Thames, in a direction nearly from east to west, and expand between five and six miles from north to south; while on either point new streets, crescents, and squares, are invading the fields and the groves, giving to many of the approaches a picturesque and a beautiful appearance.

London, properly so called, is situated at the eastern part of the densely crowded seat of commerce, interspersed with manufactories, warehouses, and flanked by quays and docks of great extent. Westminster is the western portion of the immense metropolis; but to the stranger who perambulates the streets, the one appears so close in connection with the other, that there is no obvious distinction. The large and long thoroughfare called the Strand, in Westminster, is a continuation of Fleet Street in the city; and on this line, which is densely crowded with shops, may be perceived many recent improvements of great architectural elegance. The Strand is terminated on the west by an open area named Charing Cross, from which radiate various thoroughfares, one in a westerly direction leading towards Pall Mall and the fashionable end of the town adjacent to the Parks, and another in a southerly direction, called Whitehall Street, leading to the Houses of Lords and Commons, and Westminster Abbey. On the north side of Charing Cross, a wide open space has been formed by pulling down a number of buildings; and here the great National Gallery is to be erected. This open space, which is to be called Trafalgar Square, is already adorned on the east with St Martin's church, a building of the Corinthian order of architecture, and on the west by the Union Club House and the College of Physicians. The centre of the area of Charing Cross is rendered conspicuous—it cannot be said to be ornamented—by an equestrian statue of Charles the First, elevated on a pedestal, and said to be the first erected in England, on the spot where Edward the First raised a cross to Eleanor his queen. It being at present our object to describe Whitehall Street, in and about which the vast transactions connected with the government of the British empire are conducted, we shall in the meanwhile proceed with the stranger along that thoroughfare.

Whitehall Street possesses the usual bustle of the main streets of the metropolis, but its bustle is of a peculiar kind. It is a bustle which seems to have an official look about it, and is not of that commercial character perceivable on the east side of Temple Bar. The street is capacious and dignified in its aspect. As you look along it, various public structures attract the eye. The first building of this nature you come to is one situated on the right-hand side, called the ADMIRALTY. It is an extensive edifice of brick and stone, with a lofty portico in the centre, and projecting wings, forming a court with a screen next the street, decorated with naval emblems. Here the Lords of the Admiralty transact all business of importance relating to naval affairs. On the summit of the edifice may be seen a telegraph capable of carrying on rapid communication with distant ports in the British Channel: an order from it to fit out a fleet will in two or three minutes set all Portsmouth in motion. Adjoining to this massy structure stands the ARMY PAY OFFICE, a substantial brick edifice, from which there is a fine view, through Whitehall Place, of Waterloo Bridge, the winding of the Thames, and the noble dome of St Paul's.

A little farther on the right is a splendid edifice called the HORSE GUARDS, from its being the chief



station of the household troops. The building consists of a centre, with wings, built of stone in 1730. Within are levee and waiting rooms of the commander-in-chief—the offices necessary to the business of the war department. There are accommodations for horse and foot soldiery, their sutling-houses, stables, &c. On a cupola over the central gateway is a clock, which being scientifically regulated every morning, gives the true time to the inhabitants of Westminster. Towards the street there are lofty iron railings and gateways, and at each extremity is a stone structure, in which sit horse-soldiers in full uniform, others in the court-yard and gateways doing duty on foot. This building presents one of the noblest entrances to St James's Park.

Adjoining is an elegant mansion, with a stone portico projecting over the foot pavement; it is called Melbourne House, from having been the residence of that nobleman. Next to this is that portion of old Whitehall Palace which was built by Cardinal Wolsey; in this there is an entrance to the TREASURY, its front being in St James's Park. The Lords of the Treasury here hold their boards or meetings, at which the accounts of the realm are investigated.

Opposite, on the left, is the Banqueting-House, called WHITEHALL, which is certainly a splendid specimen of Inigo Jones's talents as an architect. It is built of stone, enriched by pillars of the Ionic and Composite orders, with festoons of fruit and flowers between the capitals, giving elegance to the windows beneath. The interior is a spacious room forty feet high; the ceiling represents the apotheosis of James the First, painted by the immortal Rubens. The building has been converted into a military chapel, and around the walls are suspended warlike trophies taken from the French and Spanish armies. In the front of this building, on a scaffold before one of the windows, Charles the First was beheaded. In a narrow paved thoroughfare in the rear, stands a bronze statue of James the Second. Onward is an extent of iron railing, enclosing plantations of trees and shrubs, behind which are several residences of noble persons on the bank of the Thames, commanding scenes of considerable beauty: this retired spot is called Privy Gardens, being a portion of the pleasure-grounds belonging to the ancient palace.

Opposite, on the right, is the COUNCIL OFFICE, an edifice recently built of stone after the designs of Soane, in the Corinthian style of architecture, richly embellished. The interior is very magnificent; the Council Chamber is lofty as the building; the ceiling curved, and finished by a lantern. Here his Majesty's Privy Council decree on appeals, and transact other state affairs.

On the side of this building, to the right, is DOWNING STREET, in which are the entrances to the residences of the ministers of state, the offices of the foreign department, and others connected with diplomacy, the windows of all facing St James's Park. It is matter of surprise to many, who reflect, while their eyes range up and down this insignificant short street of brick houses, that hence have been issued dictates which regulated some of the greatest events recorded in the annals of Europe.

Opposite to the Council Office, at the commencement of Parliament Street, on the left, is RICHMOND TERRACE, occupying a part of the ancient garden to Whitehall Palace, and once the mansion of the Dukes of Richmond and Buccleuch. The terrace has been recently built of brick and stone, in fine taste, adorned with Ionic columns filling the area between Parliament Street and the river, a situation which gives a commanding prospect of the leading features of the metropolis. Here resided the statesmen Fox and Canning.

The great width of Whitehall Street is here divided into two, both proceeding in the same direction—King Street on the right, and Parliament Street on the left; at the extremity of which are streets at right angles, leading eastward to Westminster Bridge, and westward to St James's Park. In issuing at the southern extremity of Parliament Street into Palace Yard, a scene of architectural splendour bursts upon the eye. Immediately in front is the CHAPEL OF HENRY THE SEVENTH, a beautiful specimen of the florid Gothic style of architecture, adorned with projecting octagonal towers decorated with a profusion of sculpture; it forms the eastern end of WESTMINSTER ABBEY, the body of which is partly hidden by the parish church of St Margaret, while the great northern entrance, and the lofty towers at the western porch, rise magnificently on the right; beneath which appears the GUILDHALL, or the court of sessions for the city of Westminster, an octagonal brick building, with a vestibule supported by Doric columns, occupying part of the ancient sanctuary. An iron railing surrounds the space in front of the abbey, a part of which is planted with trees and shrubs, and laid out in walks; within this railing, and facing Palace Yard, stands a bronze statue of George Canning. On the left, WESTMINSTER HALL appears in solemn grandeur, its centre richly sculptured on either side the entrance, above which is a lofty Gothic window surmounted by a lantern of excellent workmanship. On either side are towers ornamented with corresponding taste, presenting a fine specimen of ancient greatness. On its side nearest to the abbey are the COURTS OF LAW;

beyond which is the entrance to the HOUSE OF COMMONS; the visible building being committee-rooms and offices; the part where the members assemble in debate is in the rear.

Adjoining is the HOUSE OF LORDS, a building of considerable extent in the Gothic style, with a colonnade and entrance porch occupying the eastern side of Old Palace Yard. The House of Lords is a spacious apartment of an oblong form, with galleries on the sides. One end is railed off, which part is denominated "below the bar;" at the other end is the throne, elevated a few steps above the floor. A splendid canopy of crimson velvet, with gold lace, fringe, and tassels, surmounted by a crown, expands over the throne, sustained by richly carved and gilt columns; the surface behind the throne is superbly decorated with the armorial bearings of his Majesty.

The seats of the Lord Chancellor and the judges are woollacks, the seats of the Peers are benches all covered with crimson cloth, some placed parallel with the sides of the apartment, others across or facing the throne. The walls are hung with tapestry in various compartments, representing the defeat of the Spanish armada, in 1588, bordered with portraits of the commanders on that memorable occasion. Magnificent chandeliers are pendant from the lofty ceiling, the whole producing an effect of grandeur and elegance.

The Painted Chamber and the Star Chamber may be seen, but they offer nothing worthy of notice; they, like the cellar of Guy Faux, are converted into ordinary appendages to the House of Lords.

The communication between the two houses is by means of badly-lighted passages. The lobby of the Commons' House is spacious, the ceiling sustained by numerous columns; at the farther end is the entrance for the members; on either side are covered seats for the door-keepers, near which may be seen posted the orders and the routine of motions coming before the house. The interior has precisely the appearance of a church: it was built by Edward the Third for a collegiate church, on the site of a chapel built by Stephen, and dedicated to the saint of that name. Since the reign of Edward the Sixth, it has been the House of Commons. The Speaker's seat is elevated near the farther end; beneath are seats, and a table for the clerks of the house. The seats of the members are on either side, in five ascending rows, at the back and in front of the Speaker's chair; also in the side galleries. The gallery in front of the Speaker is appropriated to strangers and reporters; immediately beneath is the bar, where persons examined by the house are placed. The treasury benches are those nearest the Speaker's chair on his right; those on his left are occupied by the members denominated the Opposition.

Returning from the House of Commons, at the bottom of a stone stair, a narrow passage leads into Westminster Hall. The effect produced by its expanse and ancient dimly-lighted roof, is very imposing: it was built by William Rufus, in 1098, as a banqueting-room. The measurements are 270 feet in length, 74 in width, and 90 in height, exceeding in dimensions any room in Europe void of central support. The roof is curiously constructed, and richly carved in the Gothic taste. Massive beams of oak project from the walls on both sides, about one-third the width of the building. Each extremity represents an angel holding a shield, on which appear the armorial bearings of Richard the Second, and of the preceding monarch; from these projecting beams timbers ascend to the roof, all carved in Gothic forms, their height being regulated by the diagonal lines of the cross timbers. This hall was attached to an ancient palace; its site gives name to a paved square adjoining, called Palace Yard. In this spacious room portions of the coronation ceremonies take place—the challenge of the champion, the feast, and the banquet. This magnificent apartment can hardly be looked upon, by the stranger who is conversant with the history of Great Britain, without having called up in his memory many of the important transactions which have occurred under its sombre roof. Here, the Scotsman, at least, will recollect, that, five hundred years since, Wallace, the great hero of his country, was subjected to a contumacious trial, and condemned to the scaffold. Here, among other prominent recollections of later date, will arise the extraordinary scene which took place in January 1649—a king tried by a party of his subjects, and condemned to lose his head on the block. The present aspect of the hall, imposing though it be, and however interesting from historical association, is cold, cheerless, and desolate. Its bare walls, its dirty stone pavement (for it answers the purpose of an alley for a public thoroughfare from Palace Yard to the street towards Millbank), and, in short, its total want of what constitutes comfort in an apartment, are highly unfavourable to its appearance.

On the left, entering by the passage before mentioned, are the courts of law, their designations being written over their respective entrances. The Court of Chancery is a square room, with a circular gallery, the whole apartment not being larger than one of the divisions of the Court of Session, at Edinburgh, and not nearly so commodious. The seat of the Lord Chancellor is elevated; and beneath him, on a large table, lie the mace and great seals. The seats of the counsel are in front of the Chancellor; the sutors have seats in the rear, and strangers have standing room on either side. The Vice-Chancellor's Court, the Courts of Common Pleas, of Exchequer, and King's

Bench, are similar, except that there are several seats for the increased number of judges. All these courts of law are built of stone on the western side of the hall, their fronts facing Westminster Abbey.

Our space being exhausted, we shall embrace another opportunity of taking a walk with the stranger through Westminster Abbey and its sacred precincts.

## OLD KENTUCKY.

BEFORE saying another word on the subject of the western states of America, we must give a sketch of Kentucky—"Old Kentucky," as it is called by its peculiar race of inhabitants, from its long standing among the inhabited territories of Mississippi valley. The state of Kentucky is bounded on the north by the Ohio river, which separates it from the states of Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois: on the west it is bounded by the Mississippi, which separates it from the state of Missouri; and on the east it has Virginia, an Atlantic state. Kentucky thus lies farther south than those states we have already described, and has therefore a warmer climate. It is a slave-holding state, and emigrants will hold this circumstance in view in proposing to make it their home. Kentucky measures 400 miles in length, by a medial breadth of 150 miles. In 1830 it had a population of 518,678 whites, and 165,350 slaves; total, 684,028.

Almost the whole of this state in its configuration belongs to the valley of the Ohio, a portion also including to the Mississippi. The rivers Tennessee, Cumberland, and Kentucky, have likewise broad and deep valleys. The valley of Green River, and that in the central parts of the state, are noted for their extent, beauty, and fertility. Kentucky has been generally estimated to possess larger bodies of fertile land than any other western state; and although nothing can exceed the beauty of the great valley, of which Lexington is the centre, yet there are in Kentucky large sterile tracts, and much land too mountainous or too poor for cultivation. The central parts of the state are described as delightfully rolling. A tract of country, nearly a hundred miles in one direction, and fifty in the other, is found here, which, for beauty of surface, amenity of landscape, the delightful aspect of its open groves, and the extreme fertility of its soil, exceeds perhaps any other tract of country of the same extent. The land rests generally on limestone, and so much of this fossil is dissolved and mixed with the soil, as to impart to it a warm and forcing quality. Through this beautiful country meander the Little Sandy, Licking, Kentucky, and Salt rivers, and their numerous tributaries. The woods have a charming aspect, as though they were promiscuously arranged for a pleasure-ground. Grape-vines of prodigious size climb the trees, and spread their umbrageous leaves over all the other verdure. Black-walnut, black-cherry, honey-locust, buck-eye, pawpaw, sugar-tree, mulberry, elm, ash, hawthorn, coffee-tree, and the grand yellow poplar trees, which indicate the richest soil, are every where abundant. In the early periods of spring, along with the purple and redundant flowers of the red-bud, and the beautiful white blossom of the dog-wood, there is an abundance of that beautiful plant the May-apple, the rich verdure of which has an indescribable effect upon the eye. The trees generally are not large, but tall, straight, and taper, and have the aspect of having been transplanted to the places which they occupy. That part of the state which borders on Tennessee and Virginia, resembles the country in the vicinity of the Alleghenies in Tennessee. The landscape-painter might come here, and find that nature had transcended any mental conceptions of the perfection of scenery. The numerous mountain branches wind round the bases of the small table hills, cutting down deep and almost frightful gullies, and forming "caves," as they are called by the people, or gulfs, covered with the shade of immensely large poplars, often eight feet in diameter. Such a tree will throw into the air a column of an hundred feet shaft. No words would convey adequate ideas of the lonely beauty of some of these secluded spots.

Between the rolling fork of Salt river and Green river is a very extensive tract, called "Barrens," the soil of which is generally good, though not of the first quality. But the country, partially covered with trees, is covered with grass like a prairie, and affords a fine range for cattle. Between Green and Cumberland rivers is a still larger tract of "Barrens." Spread over this district is an immense number of knobs, covered with shrubby and post oaks. In the year 1800, the legislature made a gratuitous grant of 400 acres of this land to every man who chose to become an actual settler, and the consequence was, that many occupants were found on these terms. The country has proved to be uncommonly healthy, and abounds in game, which is free to all. Swine are raised with the greatest ease, and enough of land is cultivated to supply all wants. The district has indeed come into reputation; and they who received their farms as a free gift, are now living comfortably, and rearing respectable families in rustic independence.

For variety of hill and dale, for the excellence of the soil, yielding in abundance all that is necessary for comfortable subsistence, for amenity of landscape, beauty of forest, the number of clear streams and fine rivers, health and the finest development of the human form, and patriarchal simplicity of rural opulence, it is questionable if any country can be found

surpassing Kentucky. "We have heard the hoary 'residents,'" says Timothy Flint, "the patriots of Daniel Boone, speak of it as it appeared to them when they first emigrated from their native Virginia and North Carolina. It was in the spring when they arrived. The only paths among the beautiful groves were those which the buffaloes and bears had broken through the cane-brakes. The wilderness displayed one extended tuft of blossoms. A man stationed near one of these paths could kill game enough, with a proportion of turkeys and other large birds, in an hour, to supply the wants of a month. There can be no wonder that hunters, men who had been reared among the comparatively sterile hills of Virginia and North Carolina, men who loved to range mountain streams and sheltered glades, should have fancied this a terrestrial paradise. The beautiful configuration of the soil remains; but the whole state is studded with plantations, and the buffaloes, the bears, the Indians, and the wild and much of the beautiful of the country, are now no more."

"In my whole tour through this state," says the same author in a different work, "I experienced a frank and cordial hospitality. The general kindness with which I was every where received [Mr Flint, it should be mentioned, travelled as a preacher], impressed me so much the more forcibly, for being unexpected. The Kentuckians, it must be admitted, are a high-minded people, and possess the stamina of a noble character. It cannot be said correctly, as is said in journals and geographies, that they are too recent and too various in their descent and manners to have a distinct character as a people. They are generally of one descent, and are scions from a noble stock—the descendants from affluent and respectable planters from Virginia and North Carolina; and are in that condition in life, which is, perhaps, best calculated to develop high-mindedness and self-respect. We aim not in these remarks at eulogy, but to pay tribute where tribute is due. It is granted there are ignorant, savage, and abandoned men among the lower classes of Kentucky; but where are there not such?" Great exertions have also been made to reclaim the idle and dissipated portion of the population, and in time the disorderly will be properly restrained. "Kentucky," Mr Flint adds, "is proudly exalted as a common mother of the western states. It seems to be generally understood that birth and rearing in that state constitute a kind of prescriptive claim upon office. Hence, from the falls of St Anthony to the Gulf of Mexico, and from the Alleghany hills to the Rocky mountains, the character of this state has a decided preponderance. Her modes of thinking and action dictate the fashion to the rest, and the peculiar hardihood, energy, and enthusiasm of her character, will tend long to perpetuate this empire."

The enthusiasm of the Kentuckians is very observable, in the ardour with which all classes of the people express themselves, in respect to their favourite views and opinions. Hear them rate their favourite preacher: he is the most pious and powerful preacher in the country. Their orators and their statesmen, in eloquence and abilities, surpass all others. The village politicians have an undoubting and plenary faith, that whatever measures the Kentucky members espouse in Congress, not only ought to prevail, but will prevail. The long line of superlatives, the possession of the best horse, dog, gun, wife, statesman, and country, are felt to belong to them in course. In short, the inhabitants of this state aspire to take the lead in every thing in the western country; and it will require no small degree of perseverance and self-possession in an emigrant from the old world to compete with the arrogant Kentuckian, who, according to Flint, "when the warmth of whisky in his stomach is added to his natural energy, becomes in succession horse, alligator, and steamboat." But to proceed with our details.

Kentucky possesses many fine rivers besides the Ohio, the chief of which are navigable for great distances. Of these Cumberland river is a large stream uniting with the Ohio by a mouth 300 yards in width. It is a broad, deep, and beautiful river, and may be navigated 300 miles in its course. The river Kentucky is navigable 150 miles, and Green river is boatable 200 miles. The principal towns and villages in the state are situated on the banks of the chief rivers. Frankfort, the political metropolis of the state, is situated on the north bank of the Kentucky, 60 miles above its entrance into the Ohio. It is a respectable town of about 2000 inhabitants, and the houses are singularly neat in appearance. Lexington, situated on a branch of the Elkhorn river, 25 miles south-east from Frankfort, is one of the oldest towns in the western country, and now possesses a population of upwards of 6000 inhabitants. It possesses many excellent institutions, including the Transylvania University, and various public offices. The chief manufactures are those of cotton bagging, and various kinds of cordage. There are three factories for spinning and weaving wool, and five or six for cotton, and one large and several smaller machine-making factories. In the woollen factories are manufactured handsome carpets. The environs of the town have a singular softness of landscape, and the place wears an air of neatness, opulence, and repose, indicating leisure and studiousness, rather than the bustle of business and commerce. The main street is a mile and a quarter in length, and 80 feet wide, well paved. In the centre of the town is the public square, surrounded by handsome buildings. In this square

is the market-house, which is amply supplied with all the products of taste. The inhabitants are cheerful, intelligent, conversable, and noted for their hospitality to strangers. The professional men are distinguished for their attainments in their several walks. The university, with its professors and students, and the numerous distinguished strangers that are visiting here during the summer months, add to the attractions of this fashionable city.

Louisville, at the falls of the Ohio, in a commercial point of view, is the most important town in the state. The rise of this town has been wonderfully rapid: In 1800, it had no more than 600 inhabitants; in 1810, 1350; in 1820, 4012; and in 1830, 10,336. This large and improving town stands on the Ohio, at a spot near its greatest fall. It has thus come to be a place of deposit for goods passing on the river; and the transport from the vessels above the falls to those below, or vice versa, till lately, took place by carrying overland. This difficulty is now overcome by a canal of two miles in length, and forty feet in depth, on a scale to admit steam-boats and vessels of the largest size, which connects the navigation of the river. Such are the local resources and active character of the inhabitants of Louisville, that it is not thought that this canal will injure its trade and commerce. The country around is one of the most fertile and best settled districts in the state. The other towns in Kentucky are Mayville, Washington, Paris, Georgetown, Versailles, Newport, Covington, Cynthia, Port William, Russellville, besides forty or fifty considerable villages.

From what appears to be the condition and character of this thriving and opulent state, it is obviously not the spot to which the poorer class of emigrants ought to direct their attention; perhaps artisans, who wish employment in the towns, excepted. A great proportion of the Kentucky lands being already well settled, and brought into a good state of cultivation, the value of farms must therefore be high, and better suited for capitalists than those districts not yet reclaimed from the forest. To those who have money to lay out on good cleared lands, Kentucky offers eminent advantages. All the grains, pulses, and fruits of the temperate climates, she raises in the greatest abundance. Her wheat is of the finest kind; and there is no part of the western country where maize is raised with greater ease and abundance, while her produce is at once carried off by a multitude of boats to New Orleans, and other markets. It is, indeed, not uncommon for the growers of produce of this state, on arriving at New Orleans, to ship, on their own account, to the Atlantic states, to Vera Cruz in South America, and to the West Indies. Immense quantities of flour, lard, butter, cheese, pork, beef, Indian corn and meal, whisky, cider, fruit, and manufactured goods, are thus exported from the industrious villages and farms of Kentucky. Horses are likewise raised and exported in great numbers, and of the noblest kinds. In 1823, the value of cattle, horses, and swine, driven out of the state, numbered and valued at one point of passage, the Cumberland ford, was a million dollars; a year later, the value of exports, agricultural and manufactured, by a partial return, was about three millions of dollars; and the products of agriculture and manufacture have since increased to a considerable extent, indicating that "Old Kentucky" still keeps ahead of any other state in the western country.

#### OLIVE HATHAWAY.

A VILLAGE SKETCH.

[By Miss Mitford.]

ONE of the principal charms of this North-of-Hampshire country consists in the infinite variety of woody lanes, which wind along from farm to farm, and from field to field, intersecting each other with an intricacy so perplexing, and meandering with such a surprising round-about-ness, that one often seems turning one's back directly on the spot to which one is bound. For the most part these rough and narrow ways, devoted merely to agricultural purposes, are altogether unpeopled, although here and there a lone barn forms a characteristic termination to some winding lane, or a solitary habitation adds a fresh interest to the picture.

These lanes, with their rich hedgerows, their slips of flowery greenward, and their profound feeling of security and retirement, have long been amongst my favourite walks; and Farley-lane is perhaps the prettiest and pleasantest of all, the shadiest in warm weather, and the most sheltered in cold, and appears doubly delightful by the transition from the exposed and open common from which it leads.

It is a deep, narrow, unfrequented road, by the side of a steep hill, winding between small enclosures of pasture land on one side, and the grounds of the great house, with their picturesque paling and rich plantations, on the other; the depth and undulations of the wild cart-track giving a singularly romantic and secluded air to the whole scene, whilst occasionally the ivied pollards and shining holly-bushes of the hedgerow, mingle with the laurels, and cedars, and fine old firs, of the park, forming, even in mid-winter, a green arch over head, and contrasting vividly with a little sparkling spring, which runs gurgling along by the side of the pathway. Towards the centre of the lane rises an irregular thatched cottage, with a spacious territory of garden and orchard, to which you ascend, first by a single plank thrown across the

tiny rivulet, and then by five or six steep steps cut in the bank—an earthen staircase. This has been, as long as I can remember, the habitation of old Rachael Strong, a laundress of the highest reputation in Aberleigh, and of her young niece, Olive Hathaway. It is just possible that my liking for the latter of these personages may have somewhat biased my opinion of the beauty of Farley-lane.

Olive Hathaway has always appeared to me a very interesting creature. Lame from her earliest childhood, and worse than an orphan—her mother being dead, and her father, from mental infirmity, incapable of supplying her place—she seemed prematurely devoted to care and suffering. Always gentle and placid, no one ever remembered to have seen Olive gay. Even that merriest of all hours—the noon-day play-time at school—passed gravely and sadly with the little lame girl. A book, if she could borrow one, if not, knitting or working for her good aunt Rachael, was her only pastime. She had no troop of play-fellows, no chosen companion—joined in none of the innocent cabal or mischievous mirth of her comrades; and yet every one liked Olive, even although cited by her mistress as a pattern of sempstress-ship and good conduct—even although held up as that odious thing, a model—no one could help loving poor Olive, so entirely did her sweetness and humility disarm envy and mollify scorn.

On leaving school she brought home the same good qualities, and found them attended by the same results. To Rachael Strong her assistance soon became invaluable. There was not such an ironer in the county. One could swear to the touch of her skillful fingers, whether in disentangling the delicate complexity of a point-lace cap, or in bringing out the bolder beauties of a cut-work collar—one could swear to her handiwork just as safely as a bank clerk may do to the calligraphy of a monied man on 'Change, or an amateur in art to the handling of a great master. There was no mistaking her touch. Things ironed by her looked as good as new, some said better; and her aunt's trade thrived apace.

But Olive had a trade of her own. Besides her accomplishments as a laundress, she was an incomparable needle-woman; could construct a shirt between sunrise and sunset; had a genuine genius for mantua-making; a real taste for millinery; was employed in half the houses round as a sempstress at the rate of eightpence a-day; devoting by far the greater part of her small earnings to the comforts of her father, a settled inhabitant of the workhouse at Aberleigh. A harmless and a willing creature was poor William Hathaway; ay, and a useful one in his little way: for my part, I cannot think what the world would have done without him at the workhouse, where he filled the several departments of man and maid work, digging the garden, dressing the dinner, running on errands, and making the beds. Still less can I imagine how the boys could have dispensed with him; the ten-year-old urchins with whom he played at cricket every evening, and where the kind and simple old man, with his lean, tall person, his pale, withered face, and grizzled beard, was the fag and favourite of the party, the noisiest and merriest of the crew. A useful and a happy man was poor William Hathaway, albeit the proud and the worldly wise hold him in scorn; happiest of all on the Sunday afternoons, when he came to dine with his daughter and her good aunt Rachael, and receive the pious dole, the hoarded halfpence or the "splendid skilling," which it was her delight to accumulate for his little pleasures, and which he, child-like in all his ways, spent like a child on cakes and gingerbread.

There was no fear of the source failing; for gentle, placid, grateful, and humble, considerate beyond her years, and skilful far beyond her opportunities, every one liked to employ Olive Hathaway. The very sound of her crutch in the court, and her modest tap at the door, inspired a kindly, almost a tender, feeling for the afflicted and defenceless young creature whom patience and industry were floating so gently down the rough stream of life. Her person, when seated, was far from unpleasant, though shrunken and thin from delicacy of habit, and slightly leaning to one side from the constant use of the crutch. Her face was interesting from feature and expression, in spite of the dark and perfectly colourless complexion, which gave her the appearance of being much older than she really was. Her eyes, especially, were full of sweetness and power, and her long straight hair parted on the forehead, and twisted into a thick knot behind, gave a statue-like grace to her head, that accorded ill with the coarse straw bonnet, and brown stuff gown, of which her dress was usually composed. There was, in truth, a something elegant and refined in her countenance; and the taste that she displayed, even in the homeliest branches of her own homely art, fully sustained the impression produced by her appearance. If any of our pretty damsels wanted a particularly pretty gown, she had only to say to Olive, "make it according to your own fancy;" and she was sure to be arrayed, not only in the very best fashion (for our little mantua-maker had an instinct which led her at once to the right model, and could distinguish at a glance between the elegance of a countess, and the finery of her maid), but with the nicest attention to the becoming in colour and in form.

Her taste was equally just in all things. She would select, in a moment, the most beautiful flower in a garden, and the finest picture in a room; and going about, as she did, all over the village, hearing now



songs and new stories from the young, and old tales and old ballads from the aged, it was remarkable that Olive, whose memory was singularly tenacious for what she liked, retained only the pretty lines or the striking incidents. For the bad or the indifferent she literally had no memory: they passed by her as the idle wind, that she regarded not. Her fondness for poetry, and the justness of taste which she displayed in it, exposed poor Olive to one serious inconvenience: she was challenged as being a poetess herself; and although she denied the accusation earnestly, blushing, even fearfully, and her accusers could bring neither living witness nor written document to support their assertion, yet to difficult is it to disprove that particular calumny, that, in spite of her reiterated denial, the charge passes for true in Aberleith to this very hour.

Such was and such is Olive Hathaway, the humble and gentle village mantua-maker; and such she is likely to continue; for, too refined for the youths of her own station, and too unpretty to attract those above her, it is very clear to me that my friend Olive will be an old maid. There are certain indications of character, too, which point to that as her destiny: a particularity respecting her tools of office, which renders the misplacing a needle, the loss of a pin, or the unwinding half an inch of cotton, an evil of no small magnitude; a fidgety exactness as to plaits and gathers: a counting of threads and comparing of patterns, which our notable housewives, who must complain of something, grumble at as waste of time; a horror of shreds and litter, which distinguishes her from all other mantua-makers that ever sewed a seam; and, lastly, a love of animals, which has procured for her the friendship and acquaintance of every four-footed creature in the neighbourhood. This is the most suspicious symptom of all. Not only is she followed and idolised by the poor old cur which Rachel Strong keeps to guard her house, and the still more aged donkey that carries home her linen, but every cat, dog, or bird, every variety of domestic pet that she finds in the different houses where she works, immediately following the strange instinct by which animals, as well as children, discover who likes them, makes up to and courts Olive Hathaway. There's a magic about her placid smile and her sweet low voice, no sulkiness of bird or beast can resist their influence.

And Olive hath abundance of pets in return, for my greyhound Mayflower, downwards; and indeed takes the whole animal world under her protection, whether pets or no; begs off condemned kittens, nurses sick ducklings, will give her last penny to prevent an unlucky urchin from taking a bird's nest; and is cheated and laughed at for her tender-heartedness, as is the way of the world in such cases.

Yes, Olive will certainly be an old maid, and a happy one—content and humble, and cheerful and beloved! What can woman desire more?

#### THE CULTIVATION OF THE MIND.

It is not without reason that those who have tasted the pleasures afforded by philosophy and literature, have lavished upon them the greatest eulogiums. The benefits they produce are too many to enumerate, valuable beyond estimation, and various as the scenes of human life. The man who has a knowledge of the works of God in the creation of the universe, or in the immense system of the material and intellectual world, can never be without a copious fund of the most agreeable amusement. He can never be solitary; for in the most lonely solitude he is not destitute of company and conversation; his own ideas are his companions, and he can always converse with his own mind.

How much soever a person may be engaged in pleasures, or encumbered with business, he will certainly have some moments to spare for thought and reflection. No one who has observed how heavily the vacuities of time hang upon minds unfurnished with images and unaccustomed to think, will be at a loss to make a just estimate of the advantages of possessing a copious stock of ideas, of which the combinations may take a multiplicity of forms, and may be varied to infinity.

Mental occupations are a pleasing relief from bodily exertions, and that perpetual hurry and wearisome attention, which, in most of the employments of life, must be given to objects which are no otherwise interesting than as they are necessary. The mind, in an hour of leisure, obtaining a short vacation from the perplexing cares of the world, finds, in its own contemplations, a source of amusement, of solace and pleasure. The tiresome attention that must be given to an infinite number of things, which, singly and separately taken, are of little moment, but, collectively considered, form an important aggregate, requires to be sometimes relaxed by thoughts and reflections of a more general and extensive nature, and directed to objects of which the examination may open a more spacious field of exercise to the mind, give scope to its exertions, expand its ideas, present new combinations, and exhibit to the intellectual eye, images new, various, sublime, or beautiful.

The time of action will not always continue. The young ought ever to have this consideration present to their mind, that they must grow old, unless prematurely cut off by sickness or accident. They ought

to contemplate the certain approach of age and decrepitude, and consider that all temporal happiness is of uncertain acquisition, mixed with a variety of alloy, and, in whatever degree attained, only of a short and precarious duration. Every day brings some disappointment, some diminution of pleasure, or some frustration of hope; and every moment brings us nearer to that period, when the present scenes shall recede from the view, and future prospects cannot be formed.

This consideration displays, in a very interesting point of view, the beneficial effects of furnishing the mind with a stock of ideas that may amuse it in leisure, accompany it in solitude, dispel the gloom of melancholy, lighten the pressure of misfortune, dissipate the vexations arising from baffled projects or disappointed hopes, and relieve the tedium of that season of life, when new acquisitions can no more be made, and the world can no longer flatter and delude us with its illusory hopes and promises.

When life begins, like a distant landscape, gradually to disappear, the mind can receive no solace but from its own ideas and reflections. Philosophy and literature will then furnish us with an inexhaustible source of the most agreeable amusements, as religion will afford its substantial consolation. A well-spent youth is the only sure foundation of a happy old age: no axiom of the mathematics is more true, or more easily demonstrated.

Old age, like death, comes unexpectedly on the unthinking and unprepared, although its approach be visible, and its arrival certain. Those who have, in the earlier part of life, neglected to furnish their minds with ideas, to fortify them by contemplation, and regulate them by reflection, seeing the season of youth and vigour irretrievably past, its pleasing scenes annihilated, and its brilliant prospects left far behind, without the possibility of return, and feeling, at the same time, the irresistible encroachments of age, with its disagreeable appendages, are surprised and disconcerted by a change scarcely expected, or for which, at least, they had made no preparations. A person in this predicament, finding himself no longer capable of taking, as formerly, a part in the busy walks of life, of enjoying its active pleasures, and sharing its arduous enterprises, becomes peevish and uneasy, troublesome to others, and burdensome to himself. Destitute of the resources of philosophy, and a stranger to the amusing pursuits of literature, he is unacquainted with any agreeable method of filling up the vacancy left in his mind by his necessary recess from the active scenes of life.

All this is the consequence of squandering away the days of youth and vigour without acquiring the habit of thinking. The period of human life, short as it is, is of sufficient length for the acquisition of a considerable stock of useful and agreeable knowledge; and the circumstances of the world afford a superabundance of subjects for contemplation and inquiry. The various phenomena of the moral as well as physical world, the investigation of sciences, and the information communicated by literature, are calculated to attract attention, exercise thought, excite reflection, and replenish the mind with an infinite variety of ideas.

The man of letters, when compared with one that is illiterate, exhibits nearly the same contrast as that which exists between a blind man and one that can see; and if we consider how much literature enlarges the mind, and how much it multiplies, adjusts, rectifies, and arranges the ideas, it may well be reckoned equivalent to an additional sense. It affords pleasures which wealth cannot procure, and which poverty cannot entirely take away. A well-cultivated mind places its possessor beyond the reach of those trifling vexations and disquietudes, which continually harass and perplex those who have no resources within themselves, and, in some measure, elevates him above the smiles and frowns of fortune.—*Bigland.*

#### THE ASS AND THE MULE.

THE following interesting sketch of the nature and history of the ass and the mule, two animals of great value in some countries, though held in little estimation in this, is given by Sir Thomas Dick Lauder, in his notes to his edition of that delightful work, "Gillip's Forest Scenery."

"It is a remarkable fact that the ass was actually extinct in Britain in the time of Elizabeth. Hollinshed informs us, that in his time 'our lande did veele no asses.' We know that they existed before that period, and to our great comfort we have now no reason to complain of any lack of them. It does not appear, however, from what cause the animal became extinct, or how the race was restored. The ass was originally a native of Arabia and Syria, where it is even now found in the wild state, though rarely. Its chief natural habitat is Tartary, where it is the wild native of the dry and mountainous deserts. It is also met with, though less frequently, in Africa. The wild ass stands higher on its limbs than those which are domesticated, and its legs are more slender in proportion. Its hair is very fine, light-coloured, soft, and silky, and on some parts marked by a few obscure waves or undulations. The only exception exists in the native ass of India, which is feeble, small, bow-legged, and apt to be short-winded. Wild asses are gregarious, like horses, but they live in smaller herds, each of which is regularly conducted by a leader, and they owe their safety to their timidity and vigilance,

aided by their great acuteness in hearing and smelling. The ass was imported into America by the Spaniards, as well as the horse, and it has now multiplied so much as to be even troublesome from its numbers. In their wild state they have all the fleetness of horses, and neither declivities nor precipices interrupt the fury of their career; and when they are attacked, they have the singular power of defending themselves by means of their heels and mouth with so much address, that they often maim their pursuers without so much as slackening their pace. But after capture, and after having been compelled to bear their first load, their swiftness seems to forsake them, and they contract all that stupidity of look and dulness for which they are proverbial.

The animal seems in general to grow to greater perfection in warm than in cold climates. They are rare in Sweden, and not at all known in Norway. Even in Britain they were long rare even in the south of Scotland; and one of the most striking changes which Edinburgh and its neighbourhood presents to an individual who has been much absent from it for a good many years back, is the great number of small ass-carts now in use, whereas such a thing was never to be seen formerly except as a rarity, and that generally when driven by some gipsy tinker. In the northern parts of Scotland the animal is still rarely met with. In Spain, the breed of asses has been greatly improved by care and attention, so that they often rise to fifteen hands high, and are strong, elegant, and even stately animals. In Egypt and Arabia also, these animals have been brought to so great perfection, that they often fetch a higher price than horses, and they even manifest a degree of noble gracefulness superior to those of Spain. They combine quickness, alacrity, and ease in all their paces, with extreme sureness of foot; and being more hardy than horses, they are preferred to them for long journeys, or for pilgrimages across the Desert.

When young, the ass is uncouthly proportioned, large headed, and altogether of an unprepossessing appearance; but he is gay and frolicsome, until age, harsh treatment, and overworking, break his spirit, and render him slow, dull, and headstrong. When laden beyond his strength, he expresses his uneasiness by lowering his head, and bending down his ears. If greatly abused, he will open his mouth, and draw back his lips in a disagreeable manner. But with all this, there is no animal more alive to kindness than an ass; and if ass proprietors are disposed to doubt this fact, we should humbly entreat them—tinkers, costermongers, and all, not forgetting those smugglers who work them in their vocation all night, and who let them out all day for carrying the sea-bathing nymphs of the watering-places—to try the truth of what we assert, by putting it to the test of experiment. But little opportunity is allowed the poor ass to show his sense of kind treatment, for where, says he, is kind treatment to be met with? But we know that he is belied in being accused of sulkiness, as well as in being supposed to want intelligence. For as he is remarkable for treasuring up an accurate recollection of localities, so he often displays a strong attachment to his master, whom he recognises even in the greatest crowd; and if he is capable of all this under the detestable usage he experiences from the demons in human form, who seem to take sport and pleasure in his miseries, what effect would not kindness work upon him? We remember an anecdote of an Irishman at Ramsgate, who, being asked to name the hardest wrought creature in existence, replied, 'Och! a Ramsgate donkey to be sure; for, afther carrying angels all day, he is forced to carry sperits all night.' To which we think that he might have added, that his drivers were little else than devils. But could we only persuade people to try the effect of kindness on the poor ass, he might be so much improved both physically, and morally, as to be a much more useful animal than he even now is. To the poor he is in many circumstances invaluable, from his frugal mode of faring; thistles and plantain leaves, and such road-way-side plants, being all he asks; for, even in his wild state, his favourite food is the wild plants of the desert, and especially those herbs which are bitterly lutescent; and it is likewise worth notice, that he actually prefers brackish water when thus left to his own choice.

It is a strange anomaly in nature, that, whereas it is a well-known fact that horses and asses have a certain degree of constitutional antipathy to each other, so that it is difficult to induce young horses even to pass an ass on the road, they should yet be made to breed together, so as to give rise to the hybrid offspring called mules and hinnies. The former is the produce of a jackass and mare, and is much preferred to the latter, which is the produce of the horse and the she-ass. The mule is by much the most robust and hardy, and more fitted for the purposes of riding, draught, and burden. It is a very remarkable fact, that the mule is longer lived than either the horse or the ass, less liable to disease, and more capable of vigorous exertion. In Spain, fifty or sixty guineas is a common price for a good mule, and they are used in carriages of people of the first rank. We have had ourselves occasion to see a pair of beautiful mules driven as leaders in the Deilance Edinburgh and Aberdeen coach. These regularly perform one of the stages to the northward of Perth, which they do twice a-day; and the coach, which is one of the fastest in the kingdom—its time, we believe, being about nine miles and

a half or ten miles an hour, stoppages included—loses no ground during the stage in which these animals are employed.

The Literary Gazette relates a curious anecdote, on the testimony of an eye-witness: 'It is customary in Spain to guide the mules without reins, and merely by calling to them. The animal, when called by its name, punctually follows the orders of his driver. But it is a very peculiar circumstance, that they must always be yoked at the very same place which they have been accustomed to, otherwise they will not draw. After the battle of Cordura, several waggons were required to carry away the effects of King Joseph Napoleon from Madrid. While the waggons were loading, most of the drivers unyoked their mules, under pretence of feeding them, and then put them to again at an unaccustomed place. The animals refused to draw. The drivers at first seemed to give themselves all possible trouble to make them go on. The French, who escorted the train, attempted to assist, and dealt out their blows liberally on all sides. The Spanish drivers, however, contrived to get out of the way, and the mules kept their place in spite of all their beating. This occasioned a long delay, for the French sought in vain the cause of the obstinacy of the mules. At last, a part of the escort of cavalry were obliged to dismount, and their horses were harnessed to the waggons. But during this time, a part of the Spanish cavalry, whose approach appears to have been known to the drivers, had made a detour about Madrid, and so they captured all the baggage of poor Joseph, who is said to have narrowly escaped being made prisoner.'

The obstinacy for which the mule is proverbial is much to be attributed to the ill treatment to which, like the ass, the creature is subjected. Our own experience in Alpine travelling has taught us how inestimable the services of this creature are, in traversing those wild regions, on those narrow rock-worn tracks by which alone they are accessible. If the traveller will only give his mule rein enough, and allow him to take his own way, and to pick his own steps, we conceive that he is safer in the saddle than scrambling on his own feet. In the Andes they are no less valuable. Captain Head, in his lively manner, gives us some interesting anecdotes of mules, one of which is as follows:—

'As I was looking up at the region of snow, and as my mule was scrambling along the steep side of the rock, the capataz overtook me, and asked me if I chose to come on, as he was going to look at the "Ladera de las Vacas," to see if it was passable, before the mules came to it; for when the Cordillera is first opened by the melting of the snow, the Ladera is for some time impassable, till it broadens towards the end of summer. He accordingly trotted on, and in half an hour we arrived at the spot. It is the worst pass in the Cordillera. The mountain above appears almost perpendicular, and in one continued slope down to the rapid torrent which is raging underneath. The surface is covered with loose earth and stones, which have been brought down by the water. The path goes across this slope, and is very bad for about seventy yards, being only a few inches broad; but the point of danger is a spot where the water which comes down from the top of the mountain either washes the path away, or covers it over with loose stones. We rode over it, and it certainly was very narrow and bad. In some places the rock almost touches one's shoulder, while the precipice is immediately under the opposite foot, and high above the head are a number of large loose stones, which appear as if the slightest touch would send them rolling into the torrent beneath, which is foaming and rushing with great violence. However, the danger to the rider is only imaginary, for the mules are so careful, and seem so well aware of their situation, that there is no chance of their making a false step. As soon as we had crossed the pass, which is only seventy yards long, the capataz told me that it was a very bad place for baggage mules, that four hundred had been lost there, and that we should also very probably lose one. He said that he would get down to the water at a place about a hundred yards off, and wait there with his lasso to catch any mule that might fall into the torrent, and he requested me to lead on his mule. However, I was resolved to see the tumble, if there was to be one; so the capataz took away my mule and his own, and then scrambled down on foot, till he at last got to the level of the water, while I stood on a projecting rock, with the two English captains of the mines, the three Cornish miners, the assayer, and the surveyor, who were all anxious to witness the passage of the baggage.

The drove of mules now came in sight, one following another; a few were carrying no burdens, but the rest were either mounted or heavily laden; and as they wound along the crooked path, the difference of colour in the animals, the different colours and shapes of the baggage they were carrying, with the picturesque dress of the peons, who were vociferating the song by which they drive on the mules, and the view of the dangerous path they had to cross, formed a very interesting scene.

'As soon as the leading mule came to the commencement of the pass, he stopped, evidently unwilling to proceed, and of course all the rest stopped also. He was the finest mule we had, and, on that account, had twice as much to carry as any of the others; his load had never been relieved, and it consisted of four portmanteaus, two of which belonged to me, and which contained not only a very heavy bag of dollars, but also papers which were of such consequence that I could hardly have continued my journey without them. The peons now redoubled their cries, and leaning over the sides of their mules and picking up stones, they threw them at the leading mule, who now commenced his journey over the path. With his nose to the ground, literally smelling his way, he walked gently on, often changing the position of his feet, if he found the ground would not bear, until he came to the bad part of the pass, where he again stopped, and I then certainly began to look with great anxiety at my portmanteaus; but the peons again threw stones at him, and he continued his path, and reached me in safety; several others followed. At last a young mule carrying a portmanteau, with two large sacks of provisions, and many other things, in passing the bad point, struck his load against the rock, which knocked his two hind legs over the precipice, and the loose stones immediately began to roll away from under him; however, his fore legs were still upon the narrow path. He had no room to put his head there; but he placed his nose upon the path on his left, which gave him the appearance of holding on by his mouth. His perilous fate was soon decided by a loose mule who came, and in walking along the Ladera, knocked his comrade's nose off the path, destroyed his balance, and, head over heels, the poor creature instantly commenced a fall which was really quite terrific. With all his baggage firmly lashed to him, he rolled down the steep slope, until he came to the part which was perpendicular, and then he seemed to bound off, and, turning round in the air, fell into the deep torrent on his back, and upon his baggage, and instantly disappeared. I thought, of course, that he was killed, but up he rose, looking wild and scared, and immediately endeavoured to stem the torrent which was foaming about him. It was a noble effort; and for a moment he seemed to succeed, but the eddy suddenly caught the great load which was upon his back, and turned him completely over; down went his head with all the baggage; and as he was carried down the stream, all I saw were his hind quarters, and his long, thin, wet tail lashing the water. As suddenly, however, up his head came again, but he was now weak, and went down the stream, turned round and round by the eddy, until, passing the corner of the rock, I lost sight of him. I saw, however, the peons, with their lassos in their hands, run down the side of the torrent for some little distance; but they soon stopped, and, after looking towards the poor mule for some seconds, their earnest attitude gradually relaxed, and when they walked towards me, I concluded that all was over. I walked up to the peons, and was just going to speak to them, when I saw, at a distance, a solitary mule walking towards us!

'We instantly perceived that he was the Phaeton whose fall we had just witnessed, and, in a few moments, he came up to us to join his comrades. He was, of course, dripping wet; his eye looked dull, and his whole countenance was dejected; however, none of his bones were broken, he was very little cut, and the bulletin of his health was altogether incredible. With that surprising anxiety which the mules all have to join the troop, or rather the leading mule which carries the bell, he continued his course, and actually walked over the pass without compulsion, although certainly with great caution.'

#### EFFECTS OF DIFFERENT TEMPERATURES ON THE BODY.

When the air is warm and dry, it excites a most agreeable sensation in the lungs, and in every part of the body; it increases the power or function of every organ, and health is perfect; this is observed in a dry spring, after a cold and moist winter; but when the weather is intensely hot, and persons exposed to the burning sun in the tropics, they often drop dead suddenly from apoplexy; this has happened even in France and Spain, during very hot summers; all the functions, as breathing, digestion, &c. are diminished and oppressed; there is danger of mortification of wounds and ulcers, bowel complaints, fevers, hysteria, epilepsy, &c. Persons labouring under consumption have been advised to live in warm climates, but many physicians suppose that the acceleration of the breathing and pulse, caused by the hot air in summer, only hurry the sufferers to a more speedy death; the change of habitation, from a cold climate to a warm one in winter, is highly advisable, though it is now believed that the southern coasts of this country are as eligible as foreign climes for our consumptive patients. A cold and moist atmosphere produces debilitating effects on man and animals; a cold and dry air

is not so injurious; it braces the nerves, and is favourable to health, although it sometimes induces determinations of blood to the head, chest, and abdomen, and causes inflammations in the organs of the cavities.—*Ten Minutes' Advice on Coughs and Colds.*

#### SALTING AND SMOKING MEAT.

The following method, which requires only forty-eight hours, may be adopted for salting and smoking meat:—A quantity of saltpetre, equal to the common salt that would be required for the meat in the usual way, must be dissolved in water. Into this the meat to be smoked must be put, and kept over a slow fire till all the water is evaporated. It must then be hung up in a thick smoke for twenty-four hours, when it will be found equal in flavour to the best Hamburg smoked meat, that has been kept several weeks in salt, as red throughout, and equally firm. This method has been resorted to in Germany and other parts, and has been found preferable to any other plan.

#### OSSIAN.

[The following lines are from a poetical volume lately published under the title of the "Bard of the North, by Dugald Moore." Mr Moore is one of the wonders in the way of authorship, whom we take pleasure in bringing under the notice of our readers. A few years ago he occupied a very humble situation in the warehouse of an extensive publisher at Glasgow. His education and acquaintance with the world were such as might be looked for in an individual so situated. His whole bearing and appearance betokened nothing beyond the line of character and acquirements appropriate to the humble walk of life in which he had chanced to be placed. There was, however, in the mind of this person, a spark of the diviner flame. While still toiling at his lowly task, he was secretly employed in composing poetical thoughts, and arranging them in verse. Ultimately, he amassed the materials of a volume, which, being sent and approved of by several persons qualified to judge of its merits, was soon after published. Success followed the attempt, and Mr Moore was induced to bring forward a second. This being also well received, he found himself in possession of sufficient funds to enable him to commence business as a bookseller on his own account. Mr Moore now occupies a comparatively elevated place in society, and, what must be more agreeable to a person so constituted, stands in the first rank of the few who still addict themselves in Scotland to the unfashionable pursuit of poetry. His verses are characterised by a wild strength of imagery and expression; and though a sameness is occasionally observed in the train of his thoughts, his productions are upon the whole such as would do credit to an author who came forward under more favourable circumstances. We earnestly recommend his various volumes to the attention of our readers.]

Thus sang the bard of Conn as he sat  
On the grey cliffs of Malmo—'Come, fair moon!  
Thou stately daughter of the halls of heaven!  
Come through the silent and majestic clouds  
Which float from Correyer down the straths  
Of brown Lochaber—fling thy gentle beam  
On the great cataract, that from its cave  
Leaps like the soul of nature. Beauteous star,  
Flash on that tide of power, until it shiver  
Bright as that pillar which the Hebrew's God  
Roll'd o'er the sea of Egypt—when his host  
Saw Pharaoh and his army reeling down  
Into eternity. Come, holy light!  
Bring back departed paradises, with the loves  
Which made earth paradise. Oh! now I feel  
The wave of song rush o'er my feeble heart;  
The mighty of the sword again start up—  
Fion and Oscar, and the giant bard  
Who struck his harp in Selmo—they appear  
The awful sons of Tremmore; and the maids,  
The fair-haired daughters of the silent glens  
Who shone like rainbows in the storm, and hush'd  
The voice of battle with the song of love,  
They rise again; and in my misty dream  
The waters which the heroes bounded o'er  
Against the sons of Lochlin, lift once more  
Their glorious voices; and Treshornish comes  
With all the music of their thousand waves.  
Oh! let me sit upon the old grey rocks  
That from the green moss mournfully look out,  
Mocking the sun with silence; and, like death,  
Returning life no echo. Let me sit  
And hear the murmur of the upland stream,  
Which lights the desert with its path of foam;  
For ever singing on—it heareth not  
The changes man is making in the world;  
Glad in that music which is only heard  
In the strange visions, which may cross the brain  
Of falcon dreaming in her eyrie up  
And high above its tumult.'

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